

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNDER THE DAISIES!

I've been just learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all its powers for pleasure or pain
Been slowly and sadly proving :
And all that's left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand and brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid—
A coffin under the daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
Is love a sorrow proving :
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving ;
The life of some is worse than death,
For fate—a high wall oft raises—
And far better than life with two hearts estranged,
Is a low grave starred with daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so 'tis better we lived as we did
The summer of love together,
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest
Ere the coming wintry weather ;
For the saddest of love is love grown cold,
And 'tis one of its surest phases :
So I bless my lot, tho' with breaking heart,
For that grave enstarred with daisies—
The beautiful, beautiful daisies—
The snowy, snowy daisies.

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